

**The Evening World.**  
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## SPITE FENCES.

**MAN** in Harlem has plans and specifications out for a "spite fence" sixty feet high. If he builds it his own little property will be as if down in a mine shaft—but then he will have the sweet satisfaction of shutting off his offensive neighbor's light, air and view of the surrounding landscape. What can the neighbor do about it? Practically nothing, under the written law. The question is an old one, and has been threshed out in court before now; yet fences and other structures continue to be built, and when they are torn down it is usually either because the builder has had time to become ashamed of his work, or because so much of the spite has rebounded upon himself that he has finally figured out it doesn't pay.

The Court of Appeals of Kentucky decided a recent case against the spite-builder, but only through an interesting complication of facts that enabled it to rule him guilty of contempt of court. The case was based on the act of the defendant, a dog fancier, who had been threatened with injunction against raising dogs in a city neighborhood, and by way of retaliation had told the plaintiffs that if they gave him any trouble he would build a fence that would be a skyscraper of its kind. They went ahead and got their injunction, and forthwith the Eiffel fence cut into a large section of the circumambient atmosphere. That was where the court had Mr. Spite. It couldn't punish him for making a contemptible ass of himself, but got him dead to rights when he stood in contempt of court by "attempted intimidation of litigants."

In the unwritten law the contempt is all against the architect of the spite billboard.

## ECONOMY.

**IT** is remarked in Wall street that Mrs. Harriman, widow of the great railroad financier, is a wonder of self-reliant tact and shrewdness in the conservation of the vast estate left by her late husband. "She is an economical here," they say, "as she always was in the management of her household." There, it appears, she maintained the home in luxury, comfort and beauty on much less than the income allowed her for that purpose. And she did it, frankly, by utilizing what many a modern chateausse would regard as scraps and remnants—making it a point to waste nothing. It is even more important, she believes, to know the value of a dollar when you have many of them than when you have few or none.

This definition of the word, which is the true and etymological one, shows that economy is no niggardly virtue, as it has sometimes been disparagingly called.

"Economy," wrote John Ruskin, "no more means saving money than it means spending money. It means the administration of a house; its stewardship; spending or saving, that is, whether money or time, or anything else, to the best possible advantage."

Mrs. Russell Sage, stewardess of another Wall street fortune of staggering proportions, is another economical administratrix in the best sense of the term. In suburban home-building and various philanthropical works on a large scale, she spends in a spirit of economy the wealth which was accumulated by—well, by methods to which some other word must be applied.

## WHITE HOPES OF THE SUBWAY.

**TAKE** notice, pards! the subway guards now rival Phoebe Snow. In spotless suits—except their boots—they make a pretty show. Their togs of white all eyes delight, upon the Road of Out-of-Sight.

Since under ground white wings are found, it seems angelic quite. And, stranger still, henceforth they will be gentle and polite. "Please watch your step," and "Lively, please," will tend to put us at our ease upon the Road of Out-of-Sight.

## Letters From the People

**Standardizing the Hook.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:

I read with interest your editorial entitled, "Standardizing the Hook," and agree with you thoroughly that the time has come when the hook should be standardized. I am sure that the use of some standard, distinctive means of marking the question at once arises as to what should be the nature of this standard signal. Time and again I personally seen a horn instrument not only fail utterly as a means of attracting the attention of pedestrians, but not infrequently has it been entirely inaudible above the noise of passing traffic on busy streets. There are so many devices, as pointed out in your editorial, that it would be very difficult to arrive at a reasonable selection of any particular kind. It is necessary to have a signal loud enough to be always heard and sharp enough to invariably warn. While I believe the law should prescribe the use of some good signal, it should none the less emphatically prohibit its abuse. In the hands of careless, irresponsible motorists these loud noise machines are undoubtedly a nuisance and menace to public welfare.

**With Initials of Maiden Name.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
"A" claims that a wedding present should be marked with the initials of the bride's maiden name. "B" claims it should be marked with the initials of her married name. Which way should it be marked?  
L. R.

**Wants to Help Others.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
"All experienced readers tell me of anything a young business woman can do in the way of assistance to others, to occupy evenings which are too lonely for endurance? I had thought

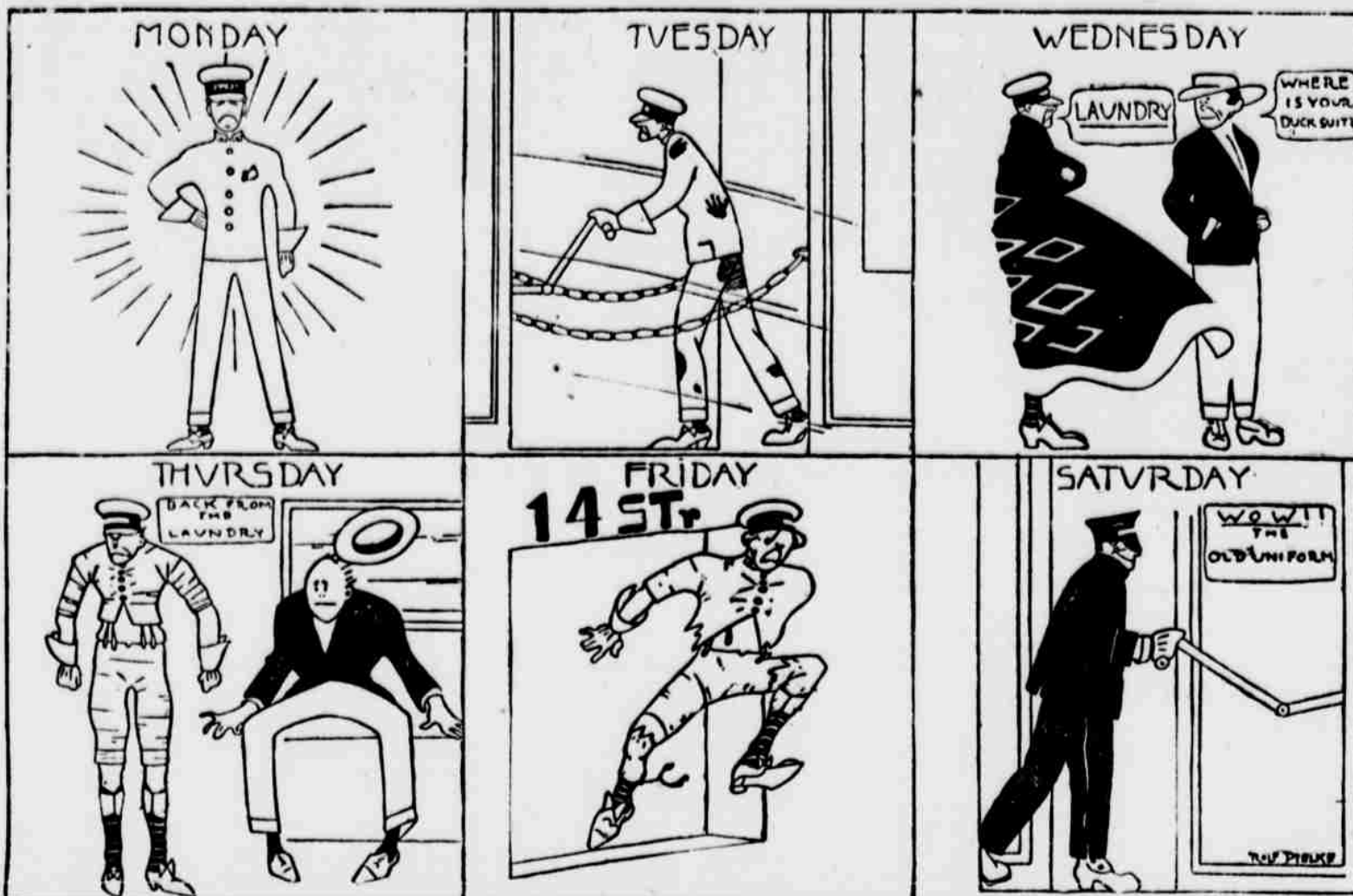
perhaps some of the settlement schools might use my services for teaching a free shorthand class or something of the sort. I am all alone in New York, alone in the world, in fact, and of not much use to any one, but I want to be. Perhaps some of your readers can help me. I am busy during the day of course, but would like to give two or three evenings each week to something of this kind.  
ELEANOR.

**A Legal Query.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Can a reader versed in law answer this question? A man works for a firm for some time. Business is dull. His employers being heavily in debt, but not wishing to lay him off, ask him on pay day to accept a quarter of his wages, at the same time agreeing to pay him the balance of his wages as soon as some bills owed to the firm have been paid. The worker, in order to hold his job and not knowing at the time the circumstances of his employers, accepts and works at this rate for a month, when some creditor of the company has an attachment placed on the factory and a receiver takes charge. Not wishing to run the business the receiver closes the factory, sells all the goods and collects the bills of the bankrupt company. Later on he turns the money over to a trustee appointed for the case. Now, readers, the question is, who, according to law, is supposed to pay the employee his back wages—the receiver, trustee or the court? The answer might interest a number of readers.  
L. R.

**Blue for Boys! Pink for Girls.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
"B" says blue is the color for a boy baby. "C" says blue is the color for a boy baby. What is the correct answer?  
MRS. K.

## The White Sprite By Rolf Pielke

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## Confessions of a Mere Man

Transcribed by HELEN ROWLAND

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## "Girlogogy."

**G**IRLS may be generally divided into two classes: "THE girl and 'other girls.'"

"THE girl" is always a rarefied BEING, composed mainly of virtues, inaccessibility, curling hair, a dimple and a special brand of perfume. She has no faults or failings; because the moment you begin to find flaws in her she ceases to be "THE girl" and joins the vast majority of "other girls." "THE girl" is always "different"—until you discover that she is just like all the rest.

"Other girls" may be subdivided into Girls who Amuse you, and Girls who Bore you. Also, these may again be subdivided into girls you have loved, girls you have not yet loved, and girls you never will love.

It is all very complex. But, then, a girl is a complex creature. You never know what she is going to do any more than you know what an automobile or a motor boat is going to do. Just as you fancy things are skimming along beautifully, she may balk, or skid, or overturn you, or blow you up. And you can no more discover what caused the smash-up than you can discover why a motor car went to pieces when they are picking up your remains.

A girl is built on the plan of a maze. Once you get into a flirtation with her you find yourself going round and round without ever getting anywhere, and it is ten to one if you can ever manage to get out without calling for help.

A girl never does anything in a straightforward way. She is all curves and curls, and approaches everything, from a man to an argument, in a roundabout manner. There's nothing straight about her, from her hair to her arguments or from her hat to her opinions.

Even if a chap could manage to see through her, he never sees all the way AROUND her. She's as complicated as an adding machine, as crooked as an accordion, as ruffled, and as deep as a well or a problem in Euclid.

Moreover, a girl herself never can tell you why she does things; why she likes all the mudlugs of a postage stamp—and then expects it to stick; why

she makes a solemn promise without the slightest intention of keeping it; why she wears openwork stockings, a high-water skirt, and pink suede shoes—and then annihilates you if you stare at them; why she kisses the woman she hates and snubs the man she is dying to marry; why she cries at a wedding and acts frivolously at a funeral; why she seems offended if you don't make love to her and gets furious if you do; why she signs a check upside down, gets off a car backward and begins a conversation in the middle; why she uses a hairpin to pick a lock, a buttonhook to open a bottle, a hair brush to hammer a nail; a hairpin to rob a letterbox and a razor to sharpen a pencil.

A girl will sit beside you for hours patiently waiting for a fish to bite, and then make you fling it back into the water because she "feels so sorry for the dear little thing"—and, ANYWAY, she only wanted you to CATCH it, not to KILL it!

She will lure you out onto a dark piazza and simply drop you into taking her hand or putting your arm around her—and then turn you up with that "How-dare-you-sir!" manner and make you feel like an idiot or a cad. As for arguing with one of them—well, did you ever try it? This is the way it goes:

SHE says: "Have you been waiting long? What made you come so early?" YOU say: "I didn't. I've just arrived."

"WHAT?" she exclaims. "When you KNEW I expected to be here an hour ago!"

And there you are! She gets you coming or going. Oh, I have no doubt there ARE a few nice, sensible, reasonable girls—but they aren't the kind you call on or take out to dinner. The average girl would look in the mirror to see what was the matter with her if you called her "nice and sensible."

I'm not attempting to explain her. She is inexplicable. She is simply the trimming on life's garment, the dessert to the feast, the spice in the pudding. Of course, a chap can manage to eat his dinner without champagne or dessert, and to live his life without girls or kisses. But, somehow, he never does.

I can no more answer the question, "Why is a girl?" than I could the question, "Why is music—or painting, or pate-de-fois-gras, or champagne or ice cream, or anything else charming and delicious, and expensive—and unnecessary?"

A girl IS—and that's all there is to it. She is WHAT she is, just—BECAUSE. And the puzzle is the White Man's Burden!

## Mr. Jarr Undertakes to Bring Sunshine Into a Grief-Stricken Maiden's Life

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By Roy L. McCardell.

"W

ELL, how about these two

theatre tickets?" asked Mr.

Jarr. "You're always com-

plaining you never

have time to see any-

thing. Put on your

things and let us go."

"I told you I

wasn't feeling

well. And, besides,

mother is coming

over from Brook-

lyn. You can go

Never mind me.

I'm used to stay-

ing at home," re-

plied his good

lady.

"Oh, chop that and come along,"

pleaded Mr. Jarr, who thought she

only wanted coaxing.

But Mr. Jarr shook her head.

"Well, I'm satisfied to stay home,

too," said Mr. Jarr, a little put out.

"Oh, no, it's a pity not to use the

tickets," said Mrs. Jarr. "Why don't

you take somebody else and go?

Really, I won't mind."

She said this so glibly that Mr. Jarr

was taken in.

"Why, all right, then. I'll call up

Rangle."

"Rangle," asked Mrs. Jarr, sharply.

"Does he ever take YOU anywhere? I

don't see what you admire so in that

Jersey City, I'm not responsible. You

women went too far with him. You

should wait till a man's married before

you badge him—dressing him up in

bride's costume and springing that

stupid old ass of a father on him,

and—"

"Now, you stop right there, Edward

Jarr!" cried the good lady. "You know

you were always sneering and snick-

ering at Mr. Silver getting married.

Poor fellow! You should be the last

man to make a mockery of marriage!"

"Well, when you telephoned me you

had the tickets I telephoned to her.

You know she mistrusts me for some

reason, and after all I did for her, too!

And I want you to find out what she's

going to do. I believe that her father

has put detectives on Jack Silver's

tracks. Find out. And pump her if

she's going to sue for breach of

promise. Maybe she has found Jack

Silver and they have made up their

spat. Give her my love and tell her I

am broken-hearted. But find out every-

thing you can. For if that girl thinks

she can get along without me she's

very much mistaken!"

Mr. Jarr realized now he was in for

it, and also realized why Mrs. Jarr

wanted him to do so strange a thing

as to take another lady to the theatre.

He was a little curious himself.

Besides, Clara Mudridge was a good-

looking girl, and she was in grief, and

it was only right to try to cheer up a

poor girl in such a case, especially

when she was stylish and fine looking.

So Mr. Jarr hurried over to take the

heart-broken maiden to the theatre.

The heart-broken maiden looked her

best. She was dressed in her best.

"How nice of you to take me to the

theatre!" cried she in her gayest tones.

"Ah, after all, there IS such a thing

as real, true, platonic friendship! Do

you know, I have always thought that

married men are the nicest! Doesn't

that sound dreadful? Well, I mean it.

They are not so selfish as single men;

they are more considerate; they are

more thoughtful. It was real nice of

Mrs. Jarr to suggest that you take me

out."

"She was worried about you. Thought

you might be grieving or something,"

said Mr. Jarr.

"Grieving?" retorted the fair

creature. "I wouldn't grieve for the

best man living! That's why I threw

over Jack Silver. He expected me to

grieve about him. I only wish he

could see me! I wish everybody who

knows me could see me!"

Mr. Jarr was glad that Mrs. Jarr

didn't see her, for she was smiling

sweetly up into his face and holding

his arm with one hand while she

caressed it with her other.

**Some Sweethearts of Mine**  
By R. Correllia Ruby  
Copyright, 1911, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World).  
This Volume is Affectionately Inscribed to My Dearest Sweetheart of Them All, the Only One Who Has Not Jilted Me, MY FUTURE WIFE (God Only Knows Who She Is.)  
NO. 5--DOLLY.  
I was the humor of Fate to order free indulgence to my weakness for feminine society while I was employed by the publishing house of Baskin & Jones. There I was surrounded by girls of every size, shape, complexion and character.  
It was reserved for Dolly to convert my vainglorious affections into a durable attachment for her. Passing a desk one morning which had been vacant, I was attracted by the trim figure of a girl neatly clad in black and white, who bent diligently over her work. A sweet, refined countenance she had, and her mouth especially was provokingly mischievous. During the weeks that followed I tried in vain to win an encouraging glance from Dolly.  
I wrote to Dolly telling her as eloquently as I could how her charms had endeared me; that I craved but an opportunity to prove my worth; that so far from thinking of trifling with her affections, I sought but the encouragement from her to ask her to be my wife.  
To my great delight Dolly did not ignore my appeal or treat it with contempt. Her answer was prompt, and said that if I would come to see her at No. 444 Forest avenue the next Sunday evening she would be glad to talk it over with me. I was feeling rather nervous when Dolly ushered me into the parlor of her humble home the following Sunday, but Dolly herself appeared not in the least agitated.  
When Love Must Yield to Sense.  
"I asked you to come," Dolly began, and her tone was almost severe. "Because I appreciate the compliment you have paid me and I don't want to hurt your feelings if I can help it. I hope you will excuse me if I seem impatient, but I want to speak plainly so as to make my position perfectly clear to you. What is your income, Mr. Grant?"  
By the time Dolly had delivered herself of that masterful introduction I realized that I was in for it. I told her \$10 a month.  
"How much have you saved?" was her next inquiry.  
A hasty inventory of my pockets discovered something over \$12, which I duly announced to Dolly, reminding her at the same time that to-morrow would be pay day.  
"And you have no bank account?"  
No, I had no bank account, not that I knew of. Dolly certainly had me there. "Suppose you were to be married to-morrow, what sort of a home could you provide for your wife?"  
"If I were to be married to-morrow," I replied, "before the ceremony took place I would have consulted my fiancée and rented a flat at some place agreed upon between us, and—"

"I may be particular, you may even think me mercenary, but I would rather be mercenary and comfortable than miserable in a state of wedded bondage." "Dolly," I said, "would you encourage me to save for a bank roll and to strive for the income that will meet your specifications?"  
Dolly gave me her hand and smiled amiably. "When you have succeeded in that," she said, "you may ring my doorbell again."

High Hopes and What Befell Them.  
Now it so happened that less than three weeks later Dolly left the firm of Baskin & Jones, having secured a better position elsewhere.

I had hoped springs eternal in the human breast. I wrote, "so I hope, too, that some day we shall meet again."

We did. About two and a half years after, while I was buying some post cards one evening in the very place where I used to buy pretty postals to send to Dolly, whom should I discover but Miss Dolly herself perched back of the cash register! By Jove! but she was just as pretty and sweet as ever! Before I could launch into the disclosures I had for her concerning the progress of my bank account Dolly whispered in my ear that she was to be married within a fortnight.

"To a successful doctor," she explained, "in the Bronx. He has a practice averaging \$100 a year and is worth nearly five times that sum already."

Lucky girl, I thought as I walked back to my room. Lucky Dolly, and still luckier doctor! I thought of Dolly's sermon, delivered in her parlor years ago, thought of the struggle I had been through during the time that had elapsed to build up my bank account and better my fortune. By darning myself here and there I had reduced my living expenses to \$10 a month. I had not dressed as well as I wished to, I had lived more frugally than formerly, and had foregone the pleasure of costly recreation or vacation trips. My income had increased to \$100 a year, and my credit at the bank was a little over \$100. And now Dolly, for whom all sacrifices I had made, had forsaken me utterly.

For every dollar I had saved I shed a tear that night.

The Week's Wash  
By Martin Green  
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"Q"UTE a hike that young John Edward Paul Geraghty, and his beautiful bride led the private sleuths hired by the V. and A. edit family," remarked the head polisher.

"I'm sorry the young folks were landed," replied the laundry man. "They should be left to enjoy their honeymoon in peace and quiet."

Now they'll have to spend it in the company of newspaper reporters and photographers, and poor John Edward Paul will have to get his picture taken.

"Why all this excitement over the marriage of the apparently sensible daughter of a millionaire to the handsome, energetic son of a prosperous proprietor of a livery stable? It appears to be the design of the Vanderbilt family to have John Edward Paul Geraghty arrested and thrown into a dungeon. Of course there is no danger of anything like that happening to the bridegroom, for if he had the nerve to steal the girl he'll have the nerve to keep her. But what's the use in all this confusion?"

"People in New York who know the young man from meeting him when he was down here working as a domestic servant for an automobile concern, tell me he is a well-set-up, curly-haired, rosy-cheeked lad with a lot of common sense and addicted to good habits."

"If the wife of John Edward Paul had never met him and had consented to marry some middle-aged English nobleman with a face like a horse and a penchant for Gayety chorus girls and bracelets, all Newport would have hailed her lucky. If she had been picked by some elderly millionaire at liberty to marry by virtue of a divorce decree granted to the mother of his children, the Newport telegraph offices would have been swamped with messages of congratulation addressed to him."

"No Need for a Crowd."  
"I"STEN," said the head polisher, "that a Philadelphia clergyman says not more than one minister of his denomination will be willing to marry old Arter and Miss Foree."

"Well," said the laundryman, "one is always reluctantly asked."